

"All the Talents;"
and
"All the Books;"
or
An Antidote
to
"All the Talents."
Two Satirical
Poems.

Sept 28. 1821.



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David R. Morris

September 1854 -

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ALL THE BLOCKS!

OR,

AN ANTIDOTE

TO

‘ ALL THE TALENTS.’

A

Satirical Poem.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

BY FLAGELLUM.

Prius intellige, et deinde ad opus accede.

B'st

Ne lingua præcurrat mentem.

“ ————— This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself in motion.”

Shakespeare.

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1807.



DEDICATION.

TO

ALL THE TALENTS.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

NOTWITHSTANDING the affirmation of Polypus, I have thought fit to inscribe the ensuing pages to you, since in opposition to the author of *The Talents* I do conceive that I may accomplish my dedication without being branded with the opprobrious stigma of flattery,

than which there does not exist in my estimation a more despicable vice, and one more deserving the severest lash of reproof.

With respect to impressing into my service an *high sounding title*, in order to usher my production into publicity, I cannot (should such a requisite be essential) have made a selection more appropriate than the above, wherein concentrates every attribute calculated to awaken the love and veneration of the truly enlightened understanding.

Sapiens dominabitur astris.

As truth however is uniformly the best criterion to ensure success, I shall have recourse to that most sterling ingredient in order to validate my position, which goes to prove that you were justly entitled to the appellation of *The Talents*, which has been most invidiously applied to you by Polypus as a term of ridicule.

It has been uniformly allowed, that peace is the surest bulwark of the prosperity of a country, and the first operations of your admi-

nistration were certainly of a *pacific nature*, yet although the Roman hath said

“ *Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.*”

you were not of that opinion, but held the balance so justly equipoized, that the desire of peace never led you to forget those sacred duties which you were bound to perform as the guardians of a free, great, and generous nation, and therefore, however acceptable might have appeared the *Olive Branch*, the *Sword* was no less kept within your grasp to ensure respect,

or when necessity should require it, command obedience from our enemies.

It is to your labours that we are also indebted for the *Abolition* of the *Slave Trade*, a detestable traffic which was as repulsive to common feeling, as it was subversive of the laws of nature and of heaven ; and from the general tenor of your proceedings was also to be discerned the most scrupulous attention to the existing burthens imposed on the community at large, by a due caution in regard to every measure

relating to the taxation of the subject. Such proceedings were alone sufficient to entitle you to the designation of *The Talents*; but we must not stop here, since it was from you we had to expect the overthrow of that detestable phalanx, the petty attorneys of this law-ridden country, who would have experienced from your united talents the most decisive check by the intended re-organization of the debtor and creditor laws, whereby both parties would have been benefited by lopping off in a great measure those enormous expendi-

tures which are required in all legal procedures, and which consequently would have been appropriated to the use of the creditor, instead of being expended for the benefit of a set of monsters rather than men. This would have been *true philanthropy*, a lasting national benefit, not only deserving the blessings of the living, but must have experienced the heart-felt plaudits of millions yet unborn.

Such are a few of the points on which I have grounded my affirmation, that you were entitled to

the appellation of The Talents, and
for these reasons, I do maintain
that my dedication is unpolluted
by *Flattery*, having its superstruc-
ture reared on the unshaken basis
of everlasting truth. Therefore,
gentlemen, with every sentiment
of respectful esteem, I beg leave
to subscribe myself,

your constant admirer,

though unknown,

FLAGELLUM.

PREFACE.

IN the exordium to ‘*All the Talents*’ its author commences by very gravely assuring the reader that his effusions are the unbiased dictates of his own opinions, he being instigated by no motives whatsoever either of *party*, *private resentment* or *personal interest*; a string of very pretty affirmations I must allow, which look extremely well upon paper, but would be rendered much more effective, did they possess that little requisite denominated *Truth*; however

without discanting further upon this topic,
Flagellum with a little more veracity on
his side, asserts in catagorical terms, for

Veritas simplex oratio est. SENECA.

That he was never benefited by any Mi-
nistry whatsoever ; that he was not edu-
cated at Eaton with a certain witling of
the present administration, who hangs out
his weathercock in the vicinity of Downing
Street ; neither has he, nor ever had he to
boast the bosom friendship of any noble
or gentle man high in office ; that he has
never figured in a *corps diplomatique* either
at the court of Spain or elsewhere ; in
short that he is positively no more in-
debted to *Wigs* than *Tories*, having re-
mained alike unnoticed and unknown to

both—Not so is it however with all such who venture to make similar assertions, for

Friar or *Frere** it should be understood,
Is not less known tho' skulking 'neath an hood.

But to proceed and explain my sentiments somewhat more clearly to Polypus, I do not intend by this publication any attack whatsoever on the late Mr. Pitt, for whom I entertain opinions very analogous to those of Polypus with regard to Lo-d Gr-nv-lle. I have deemed it expedient to mention this fact, as it is not the demise of the minister alone which enshields him from my satire, but those brilliant

* *Freres.* This order of Religious men is so denominated by Chaucer, vid. his Canterbury Tales.

Talents which still like a dazzling sun shone forth athwart the flitting clouds, which sometimes intervened to obscure its splendor. No, Polypus, it is the existing *tag-rag* administration I seek to unmask, and give to the world in all its native deformity, a ministry which without one little emanation of the Talents of a Pitt, adopts the most faulty points of his administration as its fixed rule of action.—

For it is now we are to expect *consummate policy* from a combination of Blocks;— a vigorous plan of hostilities (for the War-Whoop must resound *ad infinitum*) without energetic capacities:—the levy of taxes divested of all attention to the existing burthens imposed on the people, in short the trite story of Treasons and Traitors

must now resound to rob us of our birth-right—May heaven grant that the shepherd proyes not the Traitor, by opening the wicket to the ravenous Wolf, and thus exposing the fold to inevitable destruction.

It may perhaps be enquired why this *Antidote* has been so long withheld from the public, to which the author must simply reply that *ill health* was the preventative, for had he been free from corporeal debility and suffering, the following pages would have earlier met the public eye ; this tardiness however has not always marked the conduct of the Poet, who on a former occasion stepped forward to ridicule and expose delinquency through the medium of the press, and will at all

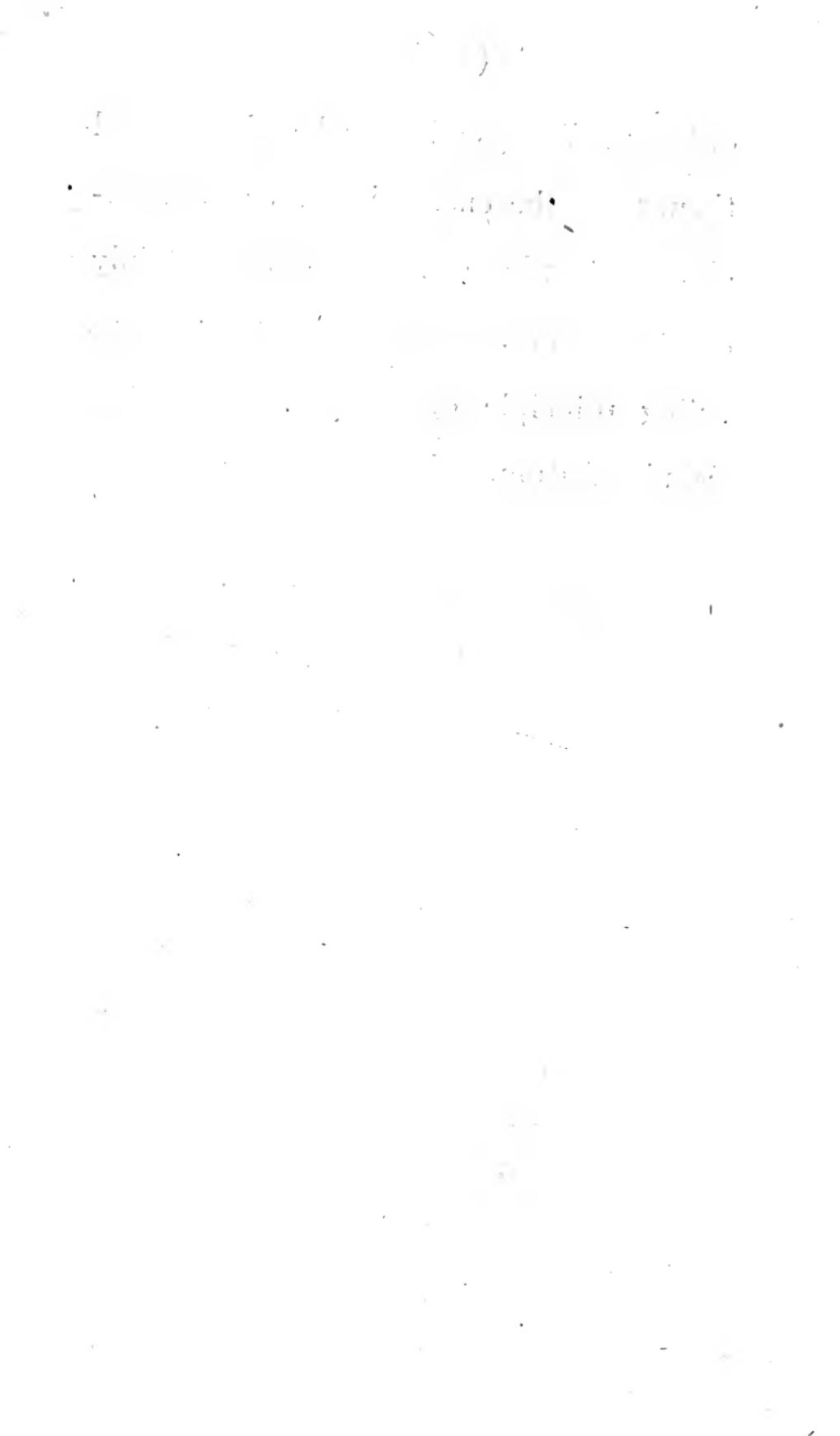
times with equal ardour level his shafts against those who are arrayed in power, and consequently arrogate to themselves the exclusive privilege of trampling on the rights of their Countrymen.

But to conclude—I cannot with friend Polypus even venture to hope the most trifling amendment in the present *glorious* Ministry from the lash of my satire ; since the Cabinet is composed of men too much bigotted to former principles, to look for a change that might benefit the country. It is consequently to the people of England that I address my effusions, in order that they may thereby learn of what materials their present guardians are made, and on *whom* they have to rely for the melioration

of their sufferings ; in fine I seek to guard them from the encroachments of a rapacious set whose actions are certainly consistent in one point—*Self* being the ruling principle of every *Block* now in Administration.

*Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.*

PROPERTIUS.



ALL THE BLOCKS.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.



*Rari quippe boni, numero vir sunt totidem quot
Thebærum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.*

JUVENAL:

Capo grasso, cervello magro.



FLAGELLUM.

GIVE me the rod, I say, to whip the breeches
Of these vile Blocks—these folly-sucking leeches.

MALAGMA.

The rod!—Nay, friend, forbear.

FLAGELLUM.

Aye, so I will,
When of a just retort I've ta'en my fill.



What! think'st thou I can lull my muse to sleep,
 And not in gall the pen of Satire steep,
 When I contemplate England's rising fame
 Committed to the care of blind and lame * ;
 See sick Britannia dwindling to a ghost,
 Recalling radiant Wisdom, late her boast,
 Whose sage experience learn'd her constitution,
 Had prob'd her wounds—applied the sane ablution ?
 What! tacitly observe true Genius fled,
 And see mere dolts establish'd in her stead?
 Zounds ! 't is too much—

M A L A G M A.

Nay, curb that kindling ire.

* It must certainly be allowed, that, even in the very worst of times, the political annals of this country never displayed such a set of statesmen as constitute our present hopeful ministry: Indeed, they appear to me as if set up to be the *scare-crows* of Reason and of Common Sense; and of them it may be very justly said, by way of closing this note,

*Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis :
 Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.*

FLAGELLUM.

I shall ; and quench in liquid grief the fire.
 Yes, Gr-nv-lle ! I the sorrowing tear must shed :
 When bless'd with thee, Hope rear'd her genial head ;
 An anxious nation thy bright plans approv'd—
 The gen'ral plaudit spoke thee well belov'd.
 How chang'd the blissful prospect !—sad reverse !
 * True mourners marching after Gr-nv-lle's hearse—

* There are two species of mourners, the mock and the real. Britain, however, is at the present moment the exact reverse of the undertaker tribe, who weep in proportion to the money paid as earnest for snivelling: but the reason is obvious, we have lost *All the Talents*, and in their stead have now *No Talente at all*. Even Polypus could not level his shafts at departed *Gr-nv-lle*, but very truly salutes him with these lines,

“ Ev'n Party's self, in noble *Gr-nv-lle* see
 “ Worth, wisdom, wit, and talents, all agree.”

And again,

“ Yes, in high *Gr-nv-lle* centres all my trust,
 “ To steer the state, and hold the balance just.”

What more then need be said of this most able peer, when Satire sheathes its dart, and suffers the main spring of the very body it attacks to continue in motion, without any spoke

Whose talents still with suppliant voice we crave—
 “ Preserve us—snatch us from the yawning grave !
 “ Enshrine thy country from impending shame ;
 “ If Britain falls —let Britain fall with fame,
 “ And not from empty sculls receive her doom”—
 A block of *Portland stone*, her only tomb.

MALAGMA.

For shame, Flagellum !—‘prithee stop thy tongue ;
 Such deeds they ’ll act as ne’er were said or sung :
 I’d pawn my life, they ’ll prove an able set—
 Abolish taxes, pay their country’s debt ;

being put into its wheel ? But this verifies the words of the Roman,

Virtus vincit invidiam :

and consequently all we have now to say, as *true mourners*, is,
 Grief fills the room up of my absent child ;
 Lies in his bed; walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form ;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKSPEARE.

The broils of Europe settle in a trice—
Play with opponents just as cats with mice :
* Such things they 'll do

FLAGELLUM.

Thy comments, pray, refrain :
They 've toil'd up hill—they 'll gallop down again.

* *Such things they 'll do.]*—That I 'll be sworn they will ; such wonders as never were before rehearsed, if the selection of officers they have made be a criterion for us to go by : for in the First Lord of the Treasury we have a *stone mason* ;—in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a vender of sapience, through the medium of wigs and gowns ;—in the First Lord of the Admiralty, the muster-roll of rank and file ; together with marchings, sieges, sorties, attacks, retreats, bombardments, &c. &c. all *perfectly consistent with naval discipline*, and the arcana of a man-of-war ! In the Secretary for the Foreign Department, we have a very accommodating weather-cock ;—in the Lord Chancellor, an old apple-woman, always replete with croakings and sapient saws :—in short, we have *Roses*, with exotics of every description, which are calculated for any soil but that in which they are now placed to vegetate.

MALAGMA.

I'm peaceful, or would give thee flat denial.—
At least, you'll grant the new-made batch a trial?

FLAGELLUM.

Trial!—By Heav'n! we've tried 'em o'er and o'er,
And found 'em ev'ry thing but sterling lore.
Ah! can my country stand the dreadful shock
* Of this old weather-beaten porous block—

* *Of this old weather-beaten, &c.]*—As his Grace of P-rtl-nd commenced his earthly career in 1738, he has, according to Cocker, attained his 69th year—a very pretty time of life, truly, for a man to think of burthening his shoulders with the affairs of a great nation! Instead of elasticity, all is ponderosity; mental vigour has yielded to the burthen of age; and he may consequently well exclaim with Cato,

*Tempora longa tibi noli promittere vite
Quocunque ingredieris, sequitur mors, corporis umbra.*

It must be confessed, that the commencement of this nobleman's career was characterised by many traits which endeared him to the people; having staunchly opposed the Bute and the then Grenville administrations, and remained firm to the principles of Fox, with whom he came into power. But, alas! those halcion days are long passed away! and we now behold

This crazy stone, new daub'd with M-lv-lle paste,
Propp'd up for th' exigence of state in haste ;
With pillars rotten, and at core so craz'd,
They soon must drop the fabric they have rais'd,
And by one universal crash display
The downfal of this structure of a day !
Ah, vet'ran P-rtl-nd ! I must tell the truth—
Thy jaws, bereft of ev'ry useful tooth,
Should now have left the public weal alone,
Instead of nibbling at so tough a bone.
We ask, in vigour, what thy sense hath done ?—
No radiance gleam'd like Gr-nv-lle's dazzling sun :

in *silly* *Billy* a court pander deprived of all consequence and popularity ; having sneakingly skulked away from the *Whigs*, of whom he once ranked Generalissimo, to coincide—I will not say with the *Tories*, for the present set are, though of that faction, such miserable *tail-bearers*, that they deserve no other than the designation of *Blocks*. But their cry is,

Stultitiam patiuntur opes :

and, upon that score, there is no doubt but they will prove themselves precisely fitted to verify the above saying.

With thee, bright Genius never was awake ;
But left thy mind one gloomy scene opake.
And yet we now are told, on thee to look,
As leading chapter of the State's great book,
* For mind acute, *Napoleon's* schemes to check,
And break of *Talleyrand* the crooked neck ;
'Gainst subtle art, deep policy oppose,
And lead this brace of monsters by the nose.
Thy hand—of pow'r the balance now must raise—
Restore to groaning Europe halcion days :
That nerveless grasp the razor keen must wield,
Shaye France, in spite of Machi'vellian shield ;
Bleed her proboscis ; lop each monstrous fungus,
And clear away republican mundungus.

* *For mind acute.*]—We have an excellent specimen of the mental powers of this nobleman, who, when Secretary of State, dispatched a circular letter through the country, on the subject of the scarcity of corn, which caused the *happy* effect of immediately raising the prices to such a pitch as had very nearly been productive of a *famine*: in short, he may be very characteristically denominated *Head of the Wrongheads*, were it not a matter of great doubt whether he has any *head at all*, and if he has, it is certainly *caput mortuum*.

M A L A G M A.

Suppose, by way of terminating broil,
I grant the P-rtl-nd wheel requires some oil ;
Surely, the great machine has other springs,
Well fitted to advise the **BEST** of kings ;
Which, put in proper motion, cannot fail
To work the state, like mill with wind and sail !
A trifling fault will not condemn the soul,
Nor one weak limb contaminate the whole.
I trust you 'll own, that my position's plain :
And when I mention M-lv-lle, straight refrain
From Satire's lash ; whose *talents*, staunch and tried,
Made him the friend of Pitt, and Scotia's pride ;
Whose sage advice, e'en now, the *Ins* can boast—
For Hall, behind the curtain, rules the roast *.

* *Behind the curtain.*]—L--d M-lv-lle, according to *report*,
is the state showman—the puppets being solely under his
controul :

“ *Nervis alienis mobili lignum.*”

But wherefore lo I talk of *report*, his Lordship cannot bear
reports ; more particularly when they are repeated five or ten

FLAGELLUM.

No doubt, no doubt: their honours dare not flout him :
With truth you say, the *Ins* can't do without him—
Him, the state alchymist, who can surpass
All tribes—to gold transmuting native brass :
Or, *vice versa*, when of law afraid,
As easily in brass can be array'd.

This northern juggler, give Old Nick his due,
Hath, as the *fiddle*, been to Scotia true ;
Rais'd from its dirty state, the *boozing* tribe,
Whose *Wha' wants me?* was a sufficient bribe :
For as to Conscience, if it chance to cry,
The brat is strangled in its infancy ;

times over; for upon such occasions he affirms, that a *report* becomes a *trueism*, which is not at all times agreeable, as this *hocus pocus* peer hath proved beyond all doubt: nay, he positively affirmed, that Messrs. Bonney, Tooke, &c. were guilty, according to the *reports* which were then spread; and although a jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*, he still swears that they were "*acquitted felons*,"—and he says perfectly right, for *felons* are very often *acquitted*.

Or charm'd with lullaby of nasal tone—
Soul-soothing pathos of the bagpipe's drone.
This peer, *hic et ubique*, now displays
More art consummate than a critic's BAYES;
Flatters the boobies of administration—
Mere antic puppets taught to blind the nation:
And on dumb-shew their *talents* being set,
They act anew the farce, call'd Cabinet.

* 'Tis now poor C-nn-ng's taught to head his troop:
While mighty M-lgr-ve's stow'd within the poop,
Where he may reef, hand, steer, and manage tackle;
And, what far better suits him, learn to cackle:

* *'Tis now poor C-nn-ng's taught.]*—The incapacity of this gentleman is by no means a poetical fiction, as he is possessed of none of those requisites so absolutely essential to fit him for the station in which the *Blocks* have thought proper to place him. And while we are descanting on this topic, it may not be amiss to remind friend *Polypus* that his quotation from the French, in page 7, of which language he avows himself totally ignorant, had much better have been omitted; not merely because a writer should never venture to publish what he does not understand, but for a still more weighty reason, *viz.* that he should not give his readers *bad French*, which is the case, as will be found on referring to "*All the Talents*."

Since there are fatted fowls for captains' table,
No doubt his lordship means to gorge while able.
And so 't were best, if right my thoughts define—
The harvest spoils when Sol disdains to shine :
And, trust me now, so murky frowns each cloud,
The lord were safer far, wrapp'd in his shroud ;
For soon the storm must sink his darling prize,
And all his glories undeserv'd capsise ;
Dismasted, waft this sheer hulk of the navy—
Dismantled wreck—fit food for uncle Davy.

M A L A G M A.

I instanc'd M-lv-lle, as the giant strong ;
He seems, with thee, the burthen of a song :
Yea, not content, friend C-nn-ng hath a *rap* ;
And M-lgr-ve, too, a most confounded slap !
Where will this lashing end ?

F L A G E L L U M .

Hold ! I've not done—
Concerning both, my race must still be run.
For, hath not Britain cause this change to weep,
Whose dauntless guardians of the vasty deep

Have now to own a M-lgr-ve's puny sway *—
 Ephem'ral fly of this camelion-day !
 To guard the helm capacious mind requires ;
 No empty untaught puppet mov'd by wires :
 No lord of straw, that thunder should controul,
 Whose din reverberates from pole to pole ;

* *A M-lgr-ve's puny sway.]—*

Stat magni nominis umbra.

LUCAN.

This *general officer*, now made *commander general* of the *navy*, is as well calculated for his station as any gentleman can possibly be, who undertakes the performance of that which he does not understand : but the *Blocks* are very happy at this kind of selection, by which they certainly prove themselves novel in their proceedings, and perhaps, like the crab, seek to advance by retrograde steps, as most conducive to the prosperity of the country. However, necessity is truly said to be the mother of invention ; and never were a set of poor wretches so dreadfully put to it as the *Blocks*, who will, it is rather shrewdly surmised, shortly emulate the Roman emperor of old, not, however, by the election of horses, but of long-eared animals, much more congenial to their precious capacities, and fitted to adorn the new cabinet junto, concerning which no man dares affirm—

Ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat.

Commanding homage on the briny plain—
Enthroning Britons sov'reigns of the main.
Dear England! who shall thy proud pendant rear,
And teach thy cannon to appal with fear?
Who shall direct such men as Nelson now,
To make all other flags 'fore Britain's bow?
How should a M-lgr-ve, to all tactics strange,
Our wooden walls controul—all schemes arrange;
Whose wits should be refitted for the post:
Who merely knows a ship's a ship, at most?
Nay, soft, my muse his erudition mocks—
His lordship surely knows such things as *Blocks*;
At least there's plenty in our barge of state:—
None more complete than his own pond'rous pate.

MALAGMA.

Have mercy! nor allow thy wit such scope.

FLAGELLUM.

Tush—I forgot—he also knows a rope:
And did one grain of sense his noddle deck,
He surely would apply it to his neck,

And rid our Dutch-built vessel—Heav'n defend us!—
Of one land-lubber, who can not befriend us.
Yet hold, my Pegasus ! a truce to lashing;
Take breath, and then anew commence thy splashing:
These Blocks, *à capite ad calcem*, spatter—
For 'faith, my muse, it is no arduous matter;
So fully are their acts with folly fraught,
To let them 'scape were to be void of thought.
And though all Poets are a-kin to crazy,
That rhymster would be most confounded lazy,
Who could not run and read without his glasses,
And dub this Ministry a batch of Asses.

END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.



DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Thou art too like the spirit of a *Block--Down!*
Thy *folly* sears mine eye-balls.—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eye!
What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?—
Another yet? a seventh! I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Whieh shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now, I see, 't is true;
For the old Portland Block rolls craz'd upon me,
And points at them for his.

FLAGELLUM.

FRESH mounted, booted, spurr'd, with whip in hand,
I once more gallop to attack the band;
And resolutely wield fell Sature's pen,
To scare these monsters in their golden den.

MALAGMA.

And pray, whose actions next must you be scanning?

FLAGELLUM.

When last we spoke, I told thee, friend—'tis C-nn-ng:
A shuttlecock, a petted child to view:
Whose father was—By Heav'n! I know not who.—
Whose ripening manhood Br-nsl-y's talents led;
By Science tutor'd, and by Genius fed * :
Whose puny voice first lisp'd his borrow'd wit
In praise of Fox, and in opposing Pitt:
Whose patriotism seem'd so staunch and true,
That lucre ne'er would taint his buff and blue.

* *And by Genius fed.*]—While our Secretary was yet untainted by the blandishments of venality, he published some spirited tracts on public liberty, the perusal of which will enable the world to form a more sterling proof of his dereliction from past opinions, than volumes of vague affirmations on this subject; but

But, ah! no sooner had his ore been try'd,
 His *faith*, by ministry, became new dy'd* :
 Forgetful of his friends, in placeman's boat,
 He seiz'd the golden oar—threw off his coat ;
 Then, gayly deck'd as any youth could be,
 Strutted to court in his new livery ;
 Sub-secretary to great Gr-nv-lle figur'd in ;
 But as the wily snake will change its skin,
 So C-nn-ng now doth that same mantle wear,
 Which then was kept in noble Gr-nv-lle's care.

MALAGMA.

And what of that? Why blame the gentleman?
 Should not the present *Ins* do all they can?

* *Became new dy'd, &c.]*—Mr. C-nn-ng, when speaking of his firm attachment to Mr. Pitt, gave it as his opinion, that —It was better to err with Cato, than do right with the rest of mankind.

*Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un indiscret ami ;
 Mieux vaudroit un sage ennemi.*

LAFONTAINE.

'T is sure enough with empty purse to flout,
And bear for months the curse of being *out**.
Besides, to slur his talents who can dare?
Shew me a speaker now that ranks so fair:
And for department foreign!—on my soul—

* The *Blocks*, wretched gentlemen! have had a miserable time of it while bereft of office, and have been wandering about like stray sheep bereft of a shepherd;—however, leave them alone, I warrant me they will speedily make good for the loss of time by a glorious *golden surfeit*. As to P-rtl-nd, poor soul! his stomach is so weak, that M-lv-lle has prescribed him an opiate; and during its operation, has very kindly undertaken to fill the chair: while P-rc-v-l is nominated his standing vice-president, who at the first course swallowed down the whole of a famous *Lancashire* dish, called *duchy*, without offering to help a single individual present.— By a wink from the president M-lv-lle, my L-rd H-w-sb-ry, with equal effrontery and gluttony, clawed hold of a *tureen* filled with *home-made soup*, and gobbled himself into *Secretary* for that *department*:—while C-stl-re-gh, at his right hand, finding his appetite keen, new *strung his bow* with a fricassee of *war* and *colonies*, which was swallowed in a trice.—E-rls C-md-n and W-stm-rl-nd, having a little more *politesse* and moderation, were satisfied with the *Prixy-seal* and *Presidency of the Council*:—while L--d M-lgr-ve, though totally unacquainted with the contents of the dish, absolutely gorged himself with

FLAGELLUM.

Thou might'st as well have had a barber's pole.

M A L A G M A.

In C-nn-*ng*'s praise Fame's clarion trump hath wrung.

a tremendous *sea pye*, and was immediately obliged to quit the table : the consternation occasioned by this sudden movement, afforded time for arranging the second course—at which E-rl B-th-rst played an excellent knife and fork, by devouring the contents of the gilt dish of *mint*, and instantly afterwards clearing the *board* of a ragoo of *trade*.—L-rd C-- S-m-rs-t and Mr. L-*ng* jointly determined on putting their *forces* together ; on which they immediately set-to, and *paid* away pretty roundly.—L-rd Eld-n, according to custom, came, drone like, in for his *legal* porrage, with which he burnt his mouth, notwithstanding he had previously blown upon it for a length of time ; and, in his hurry to render it palatable, had, in a peevish fit, *moistened it with his tears*.—As to the D-ke of R-chm-nd, he got confoundedly drunk with toasting every body present, three times at least, without intermission ; and as he grew quarrelsome in his cups, and wanted to fight all the company, it was deemed expedient to send him to *Coventry*, and he was accordingly shipped off for *Ireland*, as that place was best fitted for his boisterous qualifications.—M-ntr-se, who cannot bear *brains*, pushed the dish away which was before him, and soon rendered himself master of a *pattie* of

FLAGELLUM.

But knows he, save his own, a living tongue?
A nation's spleen was ne'er before thus urg'd,
Or common sense by folly so much purg'd.

MALAGMA.

What mean'st thou?

horse flesh, which, notwithstanding its repugnant appellation, proved to him extremely palatable.—R-se ate up a *vice-presidency* before any one could say *Jack Robinson*, and then ran off with his empty plate to M-ly-lle, whom he swore to pester unceasingly, until his hunger should be completely appeased.—The M-rq-s of T-tchf-ld vowed he had a tit bit in a nice slice of the *Treasury pudding*: in short, there were innumerable guests who crowded to the board in order to satiate their voracious appetites, some of whom came in for none, and others for less still; cramming, however, to such a degree, that the man-cook, John Bull, sweating, puffing, and blowing, at length got into such a furious rage that he kicked over the stew-pans, put out the fire, and rushing forth with the carving-knife in his hand, darted indignantly on the ~~complaints~~, and at length effected a complete victory, by putting the whole troop to flight.

. *Procul, O! Procul, este profani-*
Conclamat vates, totoque absistite luco.

VIRGIL.

FLAGELLUM.

Why, in reason, let me ask—
Whoe'er drew liquor from an empty cask?—
Heard dumb men speak?—beheld the blind man see?
Yet wonders such as these will surely be
When foreign letters C-nn-ng shall define,
Who of no foreign tongue translates a line*.

MALAGMA.

That's some objection: still I see no rule
Why others should not.....

FLAGELLUM.

Take the boy to school.

So sweet a *master* was not long a suitor:
He had in view a very able tutor;

* As the *Blocs* have adopted the plan of employing *interpreters* for our Secretary for the Foreign Department, it is conjectured that they wish to emulate the custom of the Turks, who conceive their own tongue possessed of so much sublimity, that it would be derogatory to learn any other, in consequence of which, they have recourse to *interpreters* upon all occasions.

Who makes him daily o'er his lesson look,
Such *golden* treasure gleaning from his book
As far surpasseth what is found in gift
Of Newbery's Tom Thumb—Jack Hickerthrift.
In short, poor C-nn-ng, though he'd nim'd the booty,
Had vainly hammer'd to perform his duty,
Were not his Scotch nurse, M-lv-lle, near at hand,
To tender him the pap-spoon at command * ;

* *To tender him the pap-spoon.*]—Our Secretary for the Foreign Department must have found himself very awkwardly situated upon his entrance into office, the duties of which so peremptorily call for a knowledge of the living tongues; but this glaring deficiency was easily remedied by Scotch Harry, who has proved to the country, that he does not *stick at trifles*;—and it is positively asserted, that his lordship, for several days, attended at the office of Mr. C-nn-ng, in order to initiate the young gentleman into the *arcana* of the business. That the Secretary is *au fait* at Latin and Greek, I do not doubt; but he now finds that the jargon of the schools is insufficient: but no matter, let him take courage, a correspondence in Greek will be highly acceptable to the major part of Johnny Bull's progeny, who may now expect to be indulged with every thing that is unintelligible.

And thus to mewling babe the titty give,
Who 'll doubtless suck as long as Hal shall live.

M A L A G M A .

And doubtless even so would'st thou, Flagellum.

F L A G E L L U M .

No, I would rather wage eternal *bellum*,
Than give the lie to many sterling facts,
Which had by me been vouch'd in flaming tracts
On public freedom—such as C-nn-*ng* penn'd,
While yet the patriot and his country's friend,
Ere for recruits great Pitt had beat the drum,
And brib'd the youth with golden sugar-plum;
Ere native Honesty had fled the field,
And Truth been vei'd by Falshood's glossy shield;
Ere from his mind had flown all sterling graces—
For kissing hands, for pensions, and for places.
But farewell, C-nn-*ng*; after all is said,
I will allow there's something in thy head,
Which, if in proper time and place applied,
Had render'd thee, no doubt, thy country's pride:

But ill thine actions with thy talents suit;
Thou art become Saint James's prostitute:
Thy wits, like mundane chattels, bought and sold;
The court—thy magnet, and thine idol—gold.
Once more, farewell: prophetic I must be,
So end with ghostly words—*Remember me!*

M A L A G M A.

So much for C-nn-ng! thou hast wrung his knell,
Who of our ministry now bears the bell:
And since he could not 'scape thy ranc'rous gall,
I need not ask, who's next; thou'l lash them all.
So tacitly will I the Satire heed;
And merely put my oar in, when there's need.

FLAGELLUM.

My muse is feminine; so now I'll deck her
With rhymes on Chancellor of the Exchequer*—

* *Chancellor of the Exchequer.*]—With all that degree of consistent wisdom which has been the unvarying characteristic of our sublime ministry, we now behold in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. P-rc-v-l, whose career has hitherto been

Yes, P-re-v-l, thy portrait I must draw—
Arm'd, *cap-à-pie*, true limb of clutching law:
Whose form a P-rtl-nd never had unfrock'd,
Had not for thee his cupboard been unlock'd;

uniformly passed in the C---t of Ch-nc-ry, where he made motions on the subject of wills and leases, to which branch of legal study he had particularly addicted himself.—When a young barrister, this gentleman was conspicuous for extreme pertness and presumptuousness; and at all consultations was prone to take upon himself the office of differing in opinion from those counsellors who were his seniors, both in age and in practice. So much for his breeding: as to his *disinterestedness*—

Lapis auri inder, aurum hominum---

that has been rendered evident from his requiring, in addition to the ostensible post he now holds in the state, the further *douceur* of the seal of the duchy of Lancaster, *durante vita*, which his M—y was persuaded not to give, except *during pleasure*, by an address of the House of Commons. But the *Blocks*, like the last ministry, are not satisfied with *one* place; such a consideration being far too insignificant, when put in competition with the *weight* of their Talents: no, no, things are now reversed; and Lord C-stl-r-gh swears he will not be contented until *another string is added to his bow*. Lord M-lv-lle, the present state mechanist, when in office with P-tt, held three places at once; viz. Secretary of State, Pre-

And to thy maw presented well-stor'd dishes—
For thou, like all thy tribe, lov'st loaves and fishes.
But, ah ! who could resist the goading spur,
Thy winning post, the famous Lancaster ;
And not hard gallop to acquire renōwn !—
For *duchy* selling thus thy rusty gown :
That robe, so many years a faithful hack,
The swarthy lacquey of thy legal back ;

sident of the Board of Controul, and Treasurer of the Navy; besides being Privy Seal in Scotland, and Heaven knows what besides:—and will any one pretend to say, that his lordship is less ravenous now, than he was at that period?—and still, notwithstanding such a string of places, he was not prevented from violating a solemn law, and fingering, both by himself and his *worthy* deputy, the public money. Yet, this very peer, who was adjudged by so many of his colleagues as guilty of a gross breach of his duty, is now restored to his Sovereign's councils; his eldest son placed at the head of the India Board; the counsellor who defended his cause (Mr. Pl-m-r), through his interest, is made Solicitor-general; while he himself is the great conductor of every thing behind the curtain;—the block of P-rtl-nd being a mere *stop-gap*, incapable, through age and imbecility, of delivering his sentiments to the public on any topic whatsoever.

That trusty robe—for, 'faith I'll tell thee true,
The old suit fitted better than the new.
For now thine arms, like Peach'em's, or like Lockit's,
Being longer grown, to dive in Britain's pockets,
Are only half-way cover'd from the view ;
So all eyes now must see what thou dost do.
As to thy scull-cap, it is nought but rags :
But for the pockets, zounds and death ! they're
bags ;
With seamis all double-stitch'd, that no ill fate
May rend 'em open, gorg'd with golden weight.
As to the cassock, it is all a *hum* :
Some wag hath rent it off above the b-m,
Leaving expos'd to public gaze thy breech,
That boys may give grave Honour's throne a
twitch.
To keep compunction from thy soul aloof,
It most be own'd thy vest is bullet proof :
As to thy front, with kissing friend D-nd-s,
'Tis doubly plated o'er with polish'd brass ;
And for thy brain-pan, 'tis as amply stow'd
For state affairs, as tenantless abode.

M A L A G M A.

Why, this is worse and worse!—I cannot bear
Such sheer ill-nature 'gainst such talents rare.
Had ever law, I ask, a limb upon her,
More truly worthy praise, sir, than his honour?
Answer me prompt.—

F L A G E L L U M.

I do, when my muse sings—
Law courts and cabinets are diff'rent things.
Such ill effects the changeling often suffers:
As when to candle you apply the snuffers,
And, seeking thus to give redoubled light,
The flame you lop off, and are veil'd in night;
Such is the case with P-rc-v-l, sir:—for,
Though good as lawyer, he's no chancellor.
But that the minister may know my mind,
Still further to address him I'm inclin'd.
So, P-rc-v-l, that thou may'st comprehend,
I'll e'en have at thee as a legal friend;
And in the cant of law my theme begin:—
Thy post was first obtain'd by *disseisin*;

No regular *surrender* by the lord,
As ever shall be noted on *record*:
As for thy duchy, 'tis a *confirmation*,
By which thou'rt bound to *Court* by *obligation*;
And, being always of a good thing tender,
Wilt ne'er, unless 'tis by *rebut*, *surrender*,
And give the rightful owner quiet *entry*;
But, arm'd with *sticks* and *staves*, keep constant *sentry*,
And, *vi et armis*, thus *se defendendo*,
Dare *excommunicato capiendo*.
With brazen impudence, in place of wit,
Bid the bum-bailiff straight produce his writ:
Defend the action, arm'd with legal terror;
To stay the verdict, issue *writ of error*;
And at the last dread pinch, time to purloin,
For that term stay the trial by *essoin*.
And when as M-ly-Hle gorg'd, or famous Necker,
Thou art condemn'd by thine own dear *Exchequer*,
From all secur'd, except the public curse,
Away thou'l sneak *clausula volumus*:
For so will terminante, in spite of laws,
The injur'd plaintiff's—wretched Britain's—cause;

Leaving no *Talents*—*Talents* to stipplant,
And, though found guilty, spare the defendant *.

* As all my readers may not be conversant with legal terms, I shall explain the above in as few words as possible.

Disseisin—is the wrongfully putting out of him that is actually seised of a thing: very analogous, it must be confessed, to the dispossessing of the late L-rd H-n-y P-tty.

Surrender—the quietly giving up possession to another; which certainly was not the case.

Record—an authentic testimony written on rolls of parchment; viz. the fact will be handed down to posterity, while the political annals of this nation are in existence.

Confirmation—is when any thing is made sure and unavoidable; or whereby a particular property is increased: now as gentlemen of the long robe are pretty acute, there is no doubt but the right honourable premier made a calculation of profits arising from law, and fees obtained from a chancellorship and *permanent* duchy; when finding the balance in favour of the latter, he ratified his deed of *confirmation*.

Obligation—is a bond containing a penalty for the performance of any thing; therefore, a duchy was the price which, in case of non-performance of stipulations, is to revert back to the original donor.

M A L A G M A .

So, that is truly your opinion, Sir ?

Rebut is to repel or bar—and no doubt but Mr. P-rc-v-l would throw sufficient impediments in the way of *going out*.

Surrender, the yielding up or giving possession of an estate. This instrument never will be signed but by compulsion.

Entry, is the taking possession. The Chancellor must in the first place be expulsed, and then indeed we might say—a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Excommunicato Capiendo, a writ commanding the apprehension of a person, and the confining him, without bail or mainprize, until he conforms himself. This will prove the case when the eyes of a certain illustrious personage shall be opened, and thus display the imbecility of the *Blocks* imposed upon him.

Error—A writ, whereby a fault is, or more frequently pretended to be found in the judgment of the court, whereby the pleading is prayed to be reversed.—A very facetious quibble to stay an individual from having immediate justice done him, and well worthy the *Premier's* consideration.

Essoin, in most instances a *sham* excuse that the party cannot attend in *propria persona*; all tending to create procrastination.—*The law's delay—the insolence of office.*

Clausula Volumus—A writ granted to protect the property of a man from the king's ministers.

FLAGELLUM.

Nor more, nor less; such is our minister.

MALAGMA.

Have you no private pique, no cause for hate?

FLAGELLUM.

Not I, by Heaven! He being high i'the state,
As public character, none dares deny
Freedom of speech.—A Briton, Sir, am I.

MALAGMA.

And I another:—

FLAGELLUM.

Well, Sir; that may be;
And yet in thinking we may not agree.
Call P-rc-v-l, for instance, what you will,
I must affirm he is the same man still;
Not one jot more than what I've set him down,
In state robes weak, but strong in lawyer's gown.

MALAGMA.

I see you're fix'd !

FLAGELLUM.

Immoveable as rocks.

MALAGMA

Have you aught more to add ?

FLAGELLUM.

About the Blocks ?

MALAGMA.

The Ministry, I mean !

FLAGELLUM.

As you may call 'em.

Well, Blocks or Ministers, I still must maul 'em :
And as of law so late my muse hath spoken,
The thread of my discourse shall not be broken;
So come forth, pensive *wool-sack*, legal clay !

* *Giant refresh'd!* The ling'ring law's delay!
 The Chanc'ry's dray-cart! Drone of Lincoln's Inn—
 The tight-cork'd bottle of its endless bin!
 Since vain's the legal search we may pursue:
 An E-d-n's sapience blunts the keenest screw.
 Once more the raven croaks—fell bird of fate!—
 No cause decided—masters arbitrate:—
 Sly *ruse*, by which the judge his conscience eases;
 Referring *judgment* wheresoe'er he pleases.
 Now listen, prithee, to his studied rant!—
 His vows, his eye-drops, hyperbolic cant:
 So fearful of infringing justice' laws—
 So rooted to uphold the suppliant's cause—
 That, wav'ring o'er the burthen of his song,
 In striving to do right, he oft does wrong.

* *Giant refresh'd.*]—A very favourite expression of his Lordship's, who, doubtless, thereby means to convey an idea of the *ponderosity* of his judgment.

Jus sumum saepe summa est malitia.

TERENCE.

* *His studied rant, &c.*]—When Lord E-d-n favours the C---t of Ch-nc-ry with a speech it may with truth be stiled

MALAGMA.

Who in a judge can caution reprehend?

FLAGELLUM.

Such caution can't be deem'd the claimant's friend.
Decision long withheld, Sir, if you please,
Is not a cure; but worse than the disease:
'Tis like obtaining for asthmatic breath
The patient's cure, by putting him to death:
If two men wrangle about one estate,
'Twere better quickly to decide their fate:
Since thereby *right* the sooner gets its own:
While *wrong*, with equal justice, is o'erthrown;
And both the sooner mental peace resume—
He knows the worst, who once has heard his doom.

hypermeter, and has a somniferous charm attached to it, which never fails to become apparent with the counsel, who uniformly address themselves to sleep, except indeed his lordship thinks fit to treat upon the pathetic, and when such proves the case,

Nay, and *thou wecpst*,
Then must I snivel too.

MALAGMA.

I'm silent ; and must needs confess, that I
Cannot in reason combat your reply.

FLAGELLUM.

Here break we off, then ; that my muse may borrow
A respite from her labours till to-morrow ;
When I my flagellations will renew :
Till which, Sir, I am your's.—

MALAGMA.

The same to you.

END OF DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

And now the saints began to *reign*,
For which th' bad yearn'd so long in vain;
And felt such bowel hankierings,
To see an *Empire, all of kings*,
Deliver'd from the *Egyptian awe*
Of justice, government, and law.
Yet when they came to shape the *model*,
Not one could fit another's *noddle*;
For ev'ry individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another:
And still the maddest and most crack't
Were found the busiest to transact.
As many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues;
As slowest insects have most legs.

BUTLER.

FLAGELLUM.

WELL, Sir, and pray what think you now of things?
Report talks loud of mighty bickerings:—

If M-lv-lle's* in, that S-dm-th will stay out;
Nay, Master C-nn-ng, too, begins to flout :
In short, these *mongrels*, if I can define,
Are all attack'd with mania canine ;
And, quite unmindful who's a friend, or brother,
Like kittens, claw the eyes of one another.

MALAGMA.

Can that be true?

* *If M-lv-lle's out, &c.]—*

Dove sono molti capi, sono morti pareri.

It is reported that L-d S-dm-th has had some qualms of conscience, as he does not altogether relish the idea of sitting down at the board with Scotch Hal; for he swears that cutaneous disorders are catching, and *smell* very much of the *felon's* side of Newgate. Our *able linguist* C-nn-ng, on the other hand, will not be harassed with L-d S-dm-th; so, that, what with *I will and I won't, and I won't and I will*, we stand a fair chance of having every thing but unanimity and talents: however, there is an old adage, and heaven send it may be verified.—“ *When knaves fall out, honest men get their own.*”

FLAGELLUM.

Yea, friend : and don't you see,
So meagre now is their majority,
The Blocks, at length, have form'd the resolution,
And fix'd the Senate's instant dissolution.
In short, there needs no ghost 'twixt me and you ;
The truth is plain—they don't know what to do.

MALAGMA.

I fully trust they have no cause of fear ;
But soon will dazzle, with their bright *career*.

FLAGELLUM.

Faith, if they wish by acts the palm to win,
'Tis high time that their Honours should begin* !

* *Honours should begin.*]—A trifling change in the lines of Shakspeare's crook-back'd Richard, whose character bears a strong analogy to that of several of the Blocks, are not inapplicable to the present ministerial phalanx.

Yet soft !

I'm sharing spoil before the field is won :
Gr-nv-lle still lives ; *talents* still breathe to reign,
When they are gone, then must *we* share the gain.

But now a truce to all this tittle-tattle.
Of thee, staunch J-nky, next my Muse shall prattle :
Whose sycophancy ne'er was known to lag ;—
A good Court hackney, and an office fag.
It matter'd not to which point Boreas blew :
Thy steady weathercock was no less true ;
Stood tow'rd St. James's, whether foul or fair,
And pointed thee direct to the back stair :
Where thou had'st access to the R——l ear—
By turns, instilling hope, or doubt, or fear ;
Whisp'ring to M-j-sty, that Pitt was ill,
That Fox had got the gripes and ta'en a pill,
How Boney for a surfeit swallow'd physic,
Or that some fête that morn was giv'n at Chiswick.
Such was, dear J-nk-ns-n* ! thine envied place ;
Such thy sage converse, pretty babe of grace !

* *Such was dear J-nk-ns-n, &c.]*—This rapacious peer, better known by the simple appellation of J-nky, has for years past made it his study to snatch at every opportunity of rising in the world.

*Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præterita se totus imagine versat.*

PETRONIUS.

Of wond'rous consequence, all tongues must own—
To guard our liberties, preserve the throne.
Oh! next to charm, how bold were thy pursuits!
How like fam'd giant, killing Jack in Boots!
When thou wast bent to march, with sword in hand,
To exterminate the regicidal band;
And in the heart of Paris plant thy fame,
With reeking carnage, sword, and raging flame!
A flow'ry flourish, truly most quixotic!
With pow'rs endu'd instilling balm narcotic:
A feat well worthy the most crazy wight—
Sancho the 'Squire, thyself redoubted knight.
Stop we not here: sly J-nky ne'er effaces
From memory the sweets of golden places;

No flattery has been too fulsome, no step, however derogatory, too menial, when the price was an augmentation of wealth, and a rise in court favour. As to the back-stairs, it is a story that has, and will stand on record so long as his lordship shall live; but back-stairs are nothing with J-nky, who would with equal alacrity kiss back-d-s, if another place or pension could be procured by so *honourable* an employment.

Of which should readers wish a prompt solution,
Let them but call to mind Pitt's dissolution :
When, vulture like, the pretty Cinque-ports eyeing,
He nabb'd the spirit of poor Billy flying,
Sneak'd to the back-stairs, and, in suppliant voice,
Pray'd to become the next in k-ngly choice.
The boon once gain'd, all feeling be renounc'd ;
Spread wide his talons, on the game then pounc'd :
Which for a Ch-th-m should have been secure—
In blood to P-tt allied, and just as poor.
This is the man now filling post of Sec :
For Home Department ! nought can break his neck :
Atlas political, whose shoulders' fort
Can pensions, places, sinecures, support ;
Who Mammon's throne would fill to sooth his itches,
And, not content, then rob him of his breeches.
A title wrought no change in H-wks-b-ry ;
What simple J-nky was, the lord must be :
For gold he panted, and for pelf doth pant ;
True sucking Court-leech ; rav'nous cormorant ;
The greedy babe, not merely gorging pye,
With mouth, but equally with goggle eye.
Adieu ! adieu ! to Plutus I commend thee.
As for old Nick, he always did befriend thee :

Most of his imps now form the high state legion ;
So I'll not introduce thee to his region,
But take my leave, assur'd the blockish spell
Must break, and waft ye to your native H—.

MALAGMA.

Tacæ, my friend ! how impiously you dash on !

FLAGELLUM.

Have I not reason?—teach your Blocks compassion.

MALAGMA.

Their gentleness, invective should disarm ;
Since, if they do no good, they do no harm :
Indeed, such virtue's negative, I own.

FLAGELLUM.

So comments, friend, you'd better leave alone.

MALAGMA.

Then first withdraw your taint against their feeling.

FLAGELLUM.

I shall, when John Bull's sores they think of healing.

MALAGMA.

Their brains, I'd wager, will cure each disaster.

FLAGELLUM.

Have mercy ! rid us of the *drawing plaster*—
This true quack nostrum, fraught with ev'ry ill
That fools can conjure up, and knaves instil.
Oh, my dear country ! when will carnage cease,
And blood-stain'd War be scarf'd in gentle Peace ?
When shall we greet each nation as a brother,
And hail dear Mercy as our common mother !
That hope extinguish'd now, so lately 'ray'd
In garb of peace, though not of war afraid :
Alike expert in all the arts of Mars,
As prone to heal Bellona's dreadful scars :
When must we look again those days to see ?
Oh ! never, till some change of ministry.
For now of blood-hounds view the yelping packs,
War in their mouths, grim terror on their backs !
The cabinet now hoops To arms ! to arms !
These the old friends of treasons and alarms ;
Who to themselves assum'd exclusive rule,
By sending *Britain's Liberty* to school ;

From *Magna Charta* ev'ry line erasing,
And *Habeas Corpus* totally effacing :
Yet soft ! I waver from my destin'd point,
And put my poem somewhat out of joint.
Persons, not circumstances, prompt my lay,
Therefore let me consistency obey ;
And now resume the burthen of my song :
Come, Geehoo Pegasus!—get on, get on !
* Here's drum-head C-stl-r-gh, who all men know
Was ne'er in want of *two strings to his bow* :

* *Here's drum-head C-stl-r-gh, &c.]*—This haughty and supercilious nobleman, respecting whose senseless rant I may well say, that it is

“ *Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,*”

originally ranged with the oppositionists, though secretly a partisan of the court faction; and when at length he was candid enough to blazon forth his shameful hypocrisy, it was at a period, when of all others, he ought to have continued silent; for, deaf to every sentiment of patriotism, he voted against the freedom of his native land, by supporting the union with Ireland in the most vigorous manner: nay, and so strenuous was he upon that occasion, as even to excite the astonishment and contempt of the very party with whom he had ranged himself. Little more need be said as

Who of the Union now his night-cap makes,
No breach of faith his golden slumber wakes.
Deaf to the groans of Erin's* sons he nods,
And, doubtless, dreams of hell instead of gods.

to his character; for the man who could in the face of his country labour to effect its complete vassalage, is

Monstrum horrendum, inferme, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

VIRGIL.

* *Deaf to the groans of Erin's sons, &c.]*—During the contested election for Down, on which occasion this re-doubted *Block* was very deservedly ousted by Col. M-de, the following sketch appeared in a Dublin paper, which was most accurately drawn, and is allowed to be *just as natural as the life.*

A CHARACTER!

[*From a Work published abroad.*]

“ History has already recorded the premature growth of vice; the unparalleled effrontery and unexampled depravity which sprung up in the mind, and influenced the conduct of this most abandoned young man. With a very superficial knowledge either of men or things, by the help of a tolerably extensive vocabulary, and with a most shameful disregard of character or consistency; at an age when virtuous principles and patriotic sentiments take shelter in the human breast, and are hard to be dislodged from it, he obtruded himself on the notice of mankind by the coldness of his

Calls't thou to mind that epoch when thy voice
Made Ireland's wants thy soul's approving choice;
When heedless of her bigotry and blunders,
Thy lungs supported her in tone of thunders;
But not of sense, for doubtless C-stl-r-gh
* When duck't; the river god so frightened thee

deportment, and the concealed corruptness of his heart. By the penetrating eye of a foreign minister, he was observed to possess no honourable feeling for his country, and therefore was he chosen as the only person qualified or capable to bring about and accomplish its subjugation and depredation, to rob it of its honest independence, and in fact to blot out its name from the history of nations."

From the above sketch, no one can possibly blame the independent Marchioness of Downshire, who, notwithstanding the many strings his lordship has to his bow, was determined, in spite of court cabal and ministerial interest, not to suffer vile pollution; and therefore very dauntedly kicked the peer from the *bed of down*, into which he had put one leg, and also conceived himself entitled to clap the other.

* *When duck't, &c.]*—The ducking which his lordship experienced, I beg leave to remark, was not inflicted for the discovery of witchcraft in the peer, as every one knows from experience that he is *no conjuror*; except, indeed, when he is to increase his store by any court manœuvre, and then no gentleman can possibly show more adeptness, that himself, at —*Hic presto, begone.*

As to dispel the few poor grains of sense
Which were awarded thee by Providence.
O! had not fortune stoop'd her brat to save,
Thou hadst been tenant of a wat'ry grave:
Yet soft! fate's stern decree may yet be crown'd;
'Tis said, those born to swing are never drown'd.
First friend to Union and the Catholics,
Now like Saint Paul hard kicking 'gainst the pricks.
Leagu'd with a crew as witless as thyself,
As prone to lay their honours on the shelf;
And in the gen-ral tug for pensions, places,
Change *sentiments* with *sides*, change *friends* with *faces*,
Change ev'ry thing—presumptuous muse refrain,
All may be chang'd, save what they have not—*brain*.

MALAGMA.

I own your ending, Sir, is quite concise.

FLAGELLUM.

Why, plague on't, where's the use of being nice.

* Rhyme without reason makes the muse a fool,
Therefore I briefly say, a fool's a fool.
Now let us in state's garden take a ramble,
Which tho' late planted o'er with thorn and bramble,
May yet present, in spite of all this pricking,
Some plant that's not unworthy of the picking.

MALAGMA.

Lord, Sir, I see it; sure no flow'r that blows
Can smell more sweet—Do snuff the state's moss *Rose*.

FLAGELLUM.

"Tis vastly sweet.

MALAGMA.

Zounds! leave it, Sir, alone;
Its thorns have prick'd my finger to the bone.

* Rhyme without reason.]—

*Miraris verbis nudis me scribere versus?
Hos brevitas sensus fecit conjungere binos.*

FLAGELLUM.

I thought as much—Its stings conceal'd are 'ray'd
In *Presidency of the Board of Trade* ;
For, lo ! this *Rose* now helps the new state juggle,
Who 'erst vow'd vengeance against all that smuggle.
Nay, not content, his fury nothing stems,
His ire extended to the sons of Thames.
For, now, i'faith, an anecdote I'll scan,
'Twas that which made him slight the waterman ;
Who having rescu'd him once more to run
The new court race—he gave him *one pound one**.

* *One pound one.*]—This pretty flower, which now alternately sits down as vice-president of the board of trade and joint pay-master, was a few years back souised into the Thames, from whence he was rescued as above stated. The emoluments from government reaped from the various appointments this Block has received, would nearly liquidate the *national debt*. He is prime agent in all electioneering matters and intrigues, was many years secretary to the treasury, and brought into court by a publican for not paying his bill, after having employed him to keep open house for Lord Hood. It must be confessed, the Rose has *industry* and *experience*, having *padded the hoof* through all the degrad-

MALAGMA.

Good Lord!

• FLAGELLUM.

Yes, he who from Britannia's ninnies
Hath sack'd so many, many thousand guineas ;
Having been thus preserv'd by Providence,
Gave but *one guinea* as a recompence.

MALAGMA.

'Tis infamous ; the waterman—odd rot 'em,
Why save his stingy carcase from the bottom !

ing and menial stages of political servitude ; but as for intellectual capacity, refined taste, expansion of genius, or any one thing connected with real talent, he may boast just as much as his idol *Silly Billy*, who now sits lord paramount. As for the *bed of roses*, which was so much talked of as the couch whereto the late administration succeeded, it was merely so demominated in consequence of its having been for a long period, the ‘ Soft, lazy cushion, on which,’ our Georgy R-se, *and family*, had basked and fattened in the full plenitude of a golden sun, which shone upon their unworthiness, at the expence of the public treasury.

Speak of a less, ungrateful wretch, I pray ;
For as to R-se, I've not one word to say.

FLAGELLUM.

Well, let me see awhile how matters stand,
O ! there's the privy seal, Earl W-stm-r-l-nd* ;
Who hath as neatly his snug post beguil'd,
As formerly he did the rich Miss Ch-ld.
He state affairs now sapiently doth con,
With visage melancholic as the Don ;
And by deportment grave thinks to inspire
Each gazer with ideas of wisdom's fire ;

* *O ! there's the privy seal, Earl W-stm-r-l-nd, &c.]*—This noble guardian of the privy seal is, perhaps, one of the vainest coxcombs in existence ; and the predilection which the fair sex have for him is very extraordinary, considering his real insignificance as a *man*. With respect to the Gretna Green trip with the b-nk-r's daughter, it affords not only a striking instance of his gallantry, but a *sterling* proof that he was not deficient in his election on the score of interest.

“ There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.”

SHAKSPEARE.

But faith, my lord, the whole stock of your art
 Consists in knowing Chesterfield by heart.
 From ball to business, business back to ball,
 At both alike well polish'd—that is all*.
 Not so, Lord T-gum-th†, for, upon my soul,
 He should rank first, not junior in controul.

* *That is all.*]—It is said of this earl, that when viceroy of Ireland, he could accommodate his manners to all occasions at pleasure, and that, without change of dress, he would repair from his chamber of office to the gay ball-room: but this is not to be wondered at, for being a man for the ladies, “his business was pleasure, and his pleasure business;” being so absolutely a slave to it as never to recollect that he had many things to do besides intriguing and dancing.

Chi tutto si da al lusso merita più il nome di donna, che di huome.

† *Not so, Lord T-gnm-th.]*

Eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur.

TACITUS.

The consistency with which this peer has uniformly conducted himself cannot fail to call forth the just tribute of praise from every honest breast; and I am only sorry that his lordship's deserts should be recompensed by a junior situation at the board of controul, instead of filling the most conspicuous post in that department of the state.

But *dolts* ne'er suffer wi-dom to inherit;

Fools love their kindred; *Block*s slight men of merit.

He's an exception, for his *caput's* stor'd
With talents worthy first place at the *board*;
Which simple fact sufficiently explains
The *Blocks* slight merit; but they have no brains:
Reason, most ample, it must be confess'd,
The treasury now with H-sk-ss-n* is bless'd,

* This worthy limb of our present administration was one of those supporters of Mr. Pitt who withdrew with that *premier*, after receiving a snug pension of 1200l. per annum; but upon the recal of that gentleman, the subject of the present note, figured again into office; subsequent to which he was once more accommodated with the station of sub-secretary of the treasury. However, on the accession of *All the Talents*, he was of course compelled to retire, being himself possessed of *none*; but now, with the *Blocks*, he acts a very forward part, for "Birds of a feather will flock together."

As I have so recently spoken of *All the Talents*, I beg leave to add, in addition to the reasons alledged in my Dedication, which went to prove that they were truly deserving the title; that it was not only in *contemplation*, but absolutely resolved, that a *total abolition of tythes* should immedately take place.

In the war department we have another very interesting *Block* of the above description, one Sir James P-lt-n-y, its secretary, who, on account of his having failed most egregiously in the expedition to Ferrol, is deemed, of all military men, the most appropriate to give good advice, and conduct enterprises of a similar nature, and which there is no doubt will have an equally glorious termination,

It's secretary's post he's call'd to hold ;
A worthy wight—he knows the worth of gold ;
Long practice fits him for all tasks at ease,
The place is snug, and there are pretty fees.
Hold, for one moment I must turn my steed,
And to the Admiralty once more speed ;
In flights poetic, I forgot a lord,
A spick-span new one, I mean Bobby W-rd*.
Who once conceiv'd that he lash'd Boney's sins,
When state's sub. sec. he penn'd the bulletins.
Those specimens renown'd of his shrew'd wits,
Long details of the fight at Austerlitz ;
Which had been quite complete—I tell ye sooth—
Had they not been deficient all in—*Truth*.

* This gentleman, like many of the Blocks, shared the loaves and fishes during the administration of Pitt; and on retiring with that minister from office as one of the secretaries for the foreign department, he did not forget to ensure a pension of 1000l. per annum, as a *monument* of the *worthy* services which he had rendered the state. With the Blocks he has once more determined to taste the sweets of a place; and, therefore, being originally bred to the *bar*, is very appropriately made an admiralty lord, to advise with his *martial* compeer, the mighty M-lgr-ve; whose charger having ran restive, has carried his rider full tilt from the Horse Guards to the Admiralty, where it is much *feared* that he will break his neck.

Those great men B-th-rst*, M-ntr-se†, and Ch-th-m‡,
Are not, in my opinion, worth one d--n.

* The precious peer who now sits as president of the board of trade, is as well acquainted with the mercantile interests of Great Britain as Lord M-lgr-ve is with naval tactics, or Mr. P-re-v-l with matters relating to finance; in fine, all the Blocks are raised to situations for which they are neither qualified by their previous habits in life, or the acquirements of study, so that when they err, they certainly do not know it.

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Upon the same principle, Mr. C-nn-ng, as before stated, is our secretary for foreign affairs solely because he cannot speak *French*, in which tongue all foreign ministers hold their conferences.

† It must be allowed, that there is no rule without an exception, as may be instanced in the nobleman who is now nominated to the post of master of the horse; the sole duties of which station consist in riding about in the king's coach, drawn by the king's horses, to see that the palfies' tails and manes are properly comb'd, their stables cleaned, and the mews swept, &c. This very duke, when in office on a former occasion, occupied the place of president of the board of trade, when he committed so many

MALAGMA.

What greet in terms so harsh three stately peers?

FLAGELLUM.

Aye, what of that! lords may have ass's ears;
Which all in vain the junto strive to dock—
Brains cannot be extracted from a Block:

un pardonable faults, and issued so many contradictory orders, that what the merchants understood to be the intention of government to-day, were generally reversed on the morrow; upon which account he, on the accession of his friends the *Blocks*, rather preferred relinquishing that office, which requires *some talent*, in lieu of which he accepted the present, requiring no *talent* at all.

‡ The Earl of Ch-th-m, our master general of the ordnance, may be well termed a cypher and loiterer in business, and is very appropriately crammed in the above line of poetry with his two sapient associates. One thing I must say in praise of his lordship, which is, that he has never, like many of his brother *Blocks*, been so great an ass as to make a speech in the upper house.

So dissonant his jargon—void of sense,
Why were not *four legs* his---wise Providence?

Then who the deuce e'er heard before of C-md-ii,
On pole 'twere better fix the scull of Hamden :
His sconce at least with awe the Blocks might strike.

MALAGMA.

As how ?

FLAGELLUM.

Why prove to us Britannia's pike,
Restraining them from whatsoe'er should be
Encroachments on Old England's liberty :
Not so this keeper of the privy seal.
What will become of our poor public weal ?
Guarded by lords, from whom one might as soon
Expect good sense, as from the babes o'the moon.
In B-df-rd's shoes now marches on R-ch--mond ;
Who late sail'd over the salt-water pond.

* *The salt water pond.*]—The requisites of our present lord lieutenant of Ireland are very great, and perfectly consistent with the ideas of our junto of *Blocks*; for instance, his grace *drinks like a fish*; an excellent specific for the procurement of a cool head in matters of state.

“ *Corpus onustum,*
“ *Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unda.*”

HORACE.

He who so closely shav'd the D-ke o f Y--k,—
An head he miss'd not—no—it was a cork.
But to proceed, the vessel was not stranded,
A lucky chance, and so his grace is landed,
To give old Cerberus a sugar'd sop,
And should he growl, then make the monster hop.

He plays at cricket à merveille—a school-boy's accomplishment, well suited to keep the political *ball* in motion, when adroitly struck, as at the present period, with *Bats* or *Blocks*. And as to fighting, *why he will pistol it with a prince, or a stone wall*, with as much coolness as I can eat an apple; and who are such redoubted gentlemen at a shot as your Hibernian blunderers?

*Ce monde est plain de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se renfermer seul et casser son miroir.*

BOILEAU.

As to the catholic question, or the claims of a people, it must be understood, that this *Block* is merely sent over to *govern*, being as ignorant of those matters as a mill-post; nay, and where he ever versed in those points, it would be to no effect, as his mouth is padlocked and his hands fettered. In short, he can *promise nothing, think of nothing, and do nothing*, for the poor inhabitants of that unfortunate country.

Bring him to reason with the gun and rope,
 Cement the union by the death o'the Pope :
 Root out all prejudice for bigotry ;
 In short, blow up at once the Romish see ;
 Abolish priestcraft, masses, beads, the host,
 And show that Blocks know how to rule the roast.
 Nay, I advise the senate's sapient owls
 To interdict, slap-bang, all Irish howls,
 Whose tones and meaning very ably teach
 The style and substance of each *blockhead's* speech*.
 We've gen'rals twain, tho' not i'the army—for
 Th' attorney's one ; t'other solicitor ;
 But when they're nam'd you'll own I tell no fibs,
 Friend Pl-m-r one ; and t'other Sir Vic. G-bbs †.

* *Proh supri ! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ
 Noctis habent.*

OVID.

† This limb of the law, of Devonshire extraction, was educated at Eaton, and after the necessary course of study, was called to the bar, in which profession he distinguished himself as counsel with Mr. (now *Lord*) Erskine in pleading for Messrs. Hardy, &c. at the Old Bailey, in 1796; from which period to the present epoch it is sufficient to add, that he has been a uniform babe of his profession, and now chuckles (attorney-general of the Blocks) embosom'd in his capacious wig.

Both gifted with rare talents at a quibble,
Both fond of that which made 'em plead and scribble ;
Nor more, nor less, than what so oft' hath sold
Fame, honour, conscience, that dear metal *gold*.
With equal thirst of lucre in his soul,
Each with his friends, no doubt, the ball will *rowl*
About the sphere, collect th'adhesive snow,
Dead to compunction, deaf to Britain's woe.

MALAGMA.

You judge 'em hardly.

FLAGELLUM.

No, Sir, there's no flaw,
My brief designates them as men of law ;
Staunch proof, to vouch the 'foresaid without fuss,
Lawyer and *gripe* being terms synonymous :
Yet hold, my muse grows weary of these dogs,
These pond'rous *Blocks*, this useless tier of logs.

MALAGMA.

'Im truly happy, Sir, twixt you and me,
The lash will end——

FLAGELLUM.

Hold, Hold, there's W-ll-sl-y* ;
Fam'd marquis, who at Eaton conn'd his book,
There learn'd to speechify by hook and crook :
Whose love of monarchy naught could retrench,
Who curs'd at heart the sacrilegious French ;

* *Hold, hold, here's Marquis W-ll-s-l-y.*]—This pompous peer, while studying at Eaton, is reported to have acquired the *gift of the gab*, by rendering himself conspicuous with the rest of his associates, as the speaker in a mock parliament, which was held among the students for the purposes of debating ; and it would certainly be unjustifiable in me not to allow, that every oratorical specimen which he has given at a more advanced period of life, bears so strong an affinity to the rant of a child, that, it would more than appear probable, he is not yet free from the trammels of *Dr. Birch*, were it not beyond a doubt that he took upon himself the task of *whipper-in* general, while vested with the supreme governorship of India.

Thunder'd forth senseless jargon, long his pride,
Howling damnation on each regicide.
Of England's m-n-rch too beloved peer,
Yet doom'd at length from courtly smiles to steer ;
Wafting his high-blown insolence to pall
And scare the peaceful natives of Bengal* :

* *Natives of Bengal.*]—In order to give a just detail, I shall commence with a description of the person of the marquis, which is of a pigmy size, and much like the *ape* as to his physiognomy. He piques himself (and that with truth) on its resemblance to the countenance of *Bonaparte*, whose mind bears an equal affinity to that of our marquis. But that the public may form a better judgment on this head, it should be stated that our peer formed a *Legion of Honour* at Calcutta, after the model of Napoleon's, which was named *Honorary Aids de Camp*. To all letters of the most trivial import, the following words appeared by way of prelude : *His Excellency the most noble the Governor General, &c.* But this was not all ; for, to support the mockery of majesty, he regularly held his levees, at which he received foreign ambassadors, seated on a throne which was shaded by a sumptuous canopy ; and it was his lordship who first thought of sending ambassadors to other states at a most enormous expence. If invited to an entertainment, our noble peer would not attend, unless a throne and canopy were erected to receive him ; and upon entering the saloon,

While there such anecdotes I could rehearse,
As rhymster ne'er yet chronicled in verse ;
Of sums in rearing *palace* idly fool'd*,
Of slaves in thousands by this despot rul'd.

two black troopers always preceded him with drawn swords, in order to clear the way for his *sublime not birgness*. As to his pomp, he was not satisfied with the countless minions that surrounded him; but even proceeded so far, as to be desirous of making a lacquey of his Aid de Camp C-t-n Gr-v-ll, son of the E—l of W—, whom he would fain have reduced to the station of *step-holder* of his carriage when he entered the same; and it is no less true, that he quarrelled with the present Ch-f J-st-ce of Calcutta, because that law dignitary would not light him to the door.

“ *Unreal mockery, hence!*”

MACBETH.

* *Palace idly fool'd.*]—The marquis caused a mint of money to be expended on his *palace* and other buildings at Calcutta, and in the vicinity; and it should not be forgotten, that the scite on which the grand edifice now stands, was formerly covered with numberless cottages, belonging to the poor and industrious Indians, who were all smoked away like rats, to make room for the enormous residence of his *little majesty*. This lord made frequent excursions up the river to visit a *chateau de campagne*; on which occasions, the

Legions of troops* obedient to his nod,
Hindoos who fear'd him as an heathen God :
Since, when abroad, behind his palanquin,
At least one thousand horsemen might be seen ;
And when he offer'd to Dame Cloacina,
Muslin was spread, no doubt, to make all clean à ;
While in attendance, (for such was his rule)
An hundred slaves awaited near the stool :

stream was literally covered with innumerable *budgarows*, or barges, containing his endless suite. It should also be remembered, that these jauntings were effected at the cost of *many, many* thousands sterling ; but that consideration was no preventive to his lordship, who conceived, to use the words of Persius, that—

At pulchrum est digito monstrari & dicier hic est.

* *Legions of troops.*]—The body guards (for the marquis, like Napoleon, must take care of his insignificant carcass) consisted of several hundred men ; and, with respect to their horses, they were all conveyed, at a most enormous charge, from Madras, while their trappings, which were wrought at the same place, were expensive and sumptuous beyond all description ; the charge for which was of course equal in proportion.

'Twas there the marquis gave ambition vent,
His proud soul panting for aggradizement :—
Of such his acts he laugh'd to scorn th' inspectors ;
Wip'd breech with loud complaints of the directors ;
Who, all in vain, expostulated, grumbled,
His lofty lordship was not to be humbled.
At length recall'd, as thought, in dire disgrace,
Instead of trial, he's to have—a place*.
For all the Blocks his lordship's worth adore,
And so with sponge they'll cancel the milk-score,
White-wash his black-ball'd fame, and like a barber,
Straight send him forth that none a doubt may harbour.
Yet there's another fact I must make known,—
The noble marquis does not stand alone :

* *To have a place.*]—Aye, and will have one too when the electioneering contests shall be terminated, and that the Blocks know their strength; for the public may be assured of seeing the marquis either First Lord of the Treasury, or Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; that is to say, as shall be agreed between this peer, my Lord M-lv-lle, and the amiable Master C-nn-ng.

Britannia's tortur'd by an hord of fleas,
Not merely *one*, but swarms of W-ll-sl-ys*.
In vain, when bitten, ~~she~~ their lives would crop off,
The cunning vermin quick as lightning hop off;
The nip evade, and then return to bite,
With tenfold hunger, and with tenfold spite.
But to the race, farewell, and eke to those
Whom peaceful I have suffer'd to repose.
My steed is fagg'd—my muse begins to nod,
And in such case, 'twere better drop the rod :
Therefore, O ! Blocks, I tell you one and all,
My hope unceasing is your speedy fall.
Adieu, farewell, I'll cast off spleen uncivil ;
Wish *All the Talents* back, ye at the devil†.

* *Swarms of W-ll-sl-ys.*]—If the reader be unacquainted with this fact, it will be necessary to inform him, that the Honourable H-nry W-ll-sl-y fills the office of Secretary to the Treasury; the Honourable W-ll-sl-y P-le is Secretary to the Board of Ordnance; and Sir Arth-ur W-ll-sl-y occupies the post of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† Deus haec fortasse benignâ
Reducet in sedem vice.

TO FRIEND POLYPUS.

I MUST allow, redoubted Polypus,
Your *talents* make a most confounded fuss ;
But where they are my muse cannot discover :
For being of good verse, a judge and lover,
Your style is often turgid—often poor ;
Your meaning dubious, and your sense obscure :
And when I condescend to talk of time,
Your measure's faulty—couplets void of rhyme :
So much as Poetaster.—If I quote
Your prose, the burthen of full many a note
Appears as if the comment had been press'd,
And *vi et armis* 'listed 'mongst the rest*.

* As it would be very unjust to hazard an assertion without giving a proof—in page 79, of *All the Talents*, appears the ensuing couplet :

If not t' attack myself must be the end *on't* ;
I verus me—both plaintiff and defendant !

A rhyme it may be called, if *on't* and *ant* can be so denominated. But if the public be desirous of reading poverty

Thus briefly having spoke my mind, adieu !
More lenient prove to me, than I to you.

of idea, and a rhyme applied, as I may say, without *rhyme or reason*, refer to page 36, and there will be found the following lines :

Thee, scorning *pomp of retinue* and PLATE,
Prudence makes rich, and virtue renders great.

An idea as miserable in itself, as it is poorly expressed; however it is, without doubt, well appropriated to the faculties of the present ministry. But I need no further obtrude upon my reader's patience, who, if he has perused *The Talents*, must have selected an ample catalogue of such defects, forming an *addenda* to the present note.

ELIJAH's MANTLE

PARODIED.

Now, by fell Satan's dire command,
Old *P-rtl-nd* comes from Folly's land,
To seal Britannia's shame ;
His mantle Harry D— hath caught,
Who's with a Mammon's spirit fraught,
To play the former game.

In *P-rtl-nd* England sees combin'd
A worn-out body, crazy mind,
A blockhead's spirit here ;
For, sad reverse, of *Gr-nv-lle* 'reft—
No hope, no confidence is left ;
No *Talents* now are near.

Yes, M-lv-lle, to increase his fame,
To all the mantle now lays claim,
For pelf he still can feel ;
Sordid, anew resolves to soar,
No matter tho' th' exchequer's poor,
The motto's—" *Pick and steal.*"

A piece to J-nky he lets fall,
Whose gloss doth to his mind recall
His former envied state ;
When quite weigh'd down with golden cares,
He us'd to sneak to the back stairs,
With S-vr-gnty to prate.

O ! P-re-v-l, thy scrap inspires
No patriot's zeal, no P-tty's fires,
Well stock'd with P-rtl-nd leaven ;
A lawyer to thy latest day,
For Duchy thou couldst panting pray,
Lucre thine only Heav'n.

C-nn-ng, thy remnant only shows
Thy spirit lost to manly woes :
Let feeling once unbend ;
Greater than thee tears oft' have shed :
Thine old associates are not dead,
And Br-nsl-y was thy friend.

Is it the scrap which thou hast torn
From P-rtl-nd's mantle, makes thee scorn
The tutor of thy youth?
Rail at those talents till thou'rt hoarse,
Which cloth'd thy wits, a naked corse,
Such, C-nn-ng, is the truth.

Beneath the robe, 'tis M-lgr-v-'s fate
To steer the wooden walls of state,—
Ah! woe to this sad age!
Ere long Old England's trident bright
Must be for ever scarf'd in night,
And blurr'd from glory's page.

A remnant too must Eld-n wear,
The seals of chancery his share,
Where perch'd in owl-like pride:
Poor clients all, ye may cabal,
Tho' right be Jack and wrong be Hall,
The cause he won't decide.

Our trade is govern'd by the wits
Of B-th-rst—Ah! my wealthy cits,
Well may ye dread impart;
Too soon, I fear, you'll feel the woe,
Of having one who does not know
To con the merchant's chart.

From mantle next is torn the rag
Of pretty R-se, hung out for flag,
No doubt he'll gripe it fast.

Vice-president, his leading star,
Will prompt him to the venal war,
Anew he'll act the *past*.

E-rl W-stm-r-l-nd alike must feel
The mantle's warmth—lord privy seal,
With C-md-n, void of worth,
Who owns the sweets of power and place ;
Both arm'd to stamp our realm's disgrace,
Twin Blocks of P-rtl-nd birth.

G-bbs by the robe's alike wrapp'd round,
Attorney-general profound,
Amongst the new compeers ;
He in this cloak of M-ly-lle stuff
Thinks all opponents to rebuff,
And scare with ass's ears.

Yes, threaten'd thus is Britain's land
By *All the Blocks*, a despr'ate band,
Who ne'er will stand reprov'd ;
Wisdom their follies cannot check,
Nor save from universal wreck
My country well belov'd.

Rise, Gr-nv-lle, from thy transient grave,
 Return thy native land to save,
 Thy well-earn'd honours claim ;
 Strike *All the Blocks* with palsied fear,
 Anew let *All the Talents* rear
 The clarion voice of *Fame*.

THE END.



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